

THE SONG OF THE BELLS WILL LIVE.



Miss Edith Thomass, the Only Woman Chime-Ringer in the World—She Rings the Grace Church Chime in a Monster Phonograph.

HERE'S a new dish to soothe the enervated palate in hot weather—baked bananas. Baked bananas are an old dish in the land where bananas and hot weather have their home together, and it's said to be stomachic satisfying on days when you impatiently declare you can't touch a mouthful of food, while at the same time your drenched system is wearily walling for something more substantial.

Bananas or plantains are cheap in season, and many households, influenced by that point, can ornament the regulation meat and potato meal with a light, wholesome dish that will make the monotonous meat and potatoes taste infinitely better.

Separate the bananas and bake them about fifteen minutes, according to the heat of the oven. Eat them with salt, pepper, milk or cream, according to taste. Try them.

THE fashion of wearing chatelaines is being revived. There are three distinct styles. A bunch of pendants suspended by a chain ten to eighteen inches in length and fastened at the waist by a safety pin more or less elaborate. The very latest effect is made in gun metal. The short chain and spread pin is the old and most popular style. It is shown in French gilt, a metal suggestive of the Midway of the Columbian Exposition.

Then there is the regulation chatelaine, with medium lengths in chains, in sterling or gold. A tiny mirror, scent bottle, tablet and pencil are indispensable necessities as a starter. The rest follows as a matter of personal convenience.

VERY pretty girdles can be made up with a box of old style jewelry. The "sets" of our grandmothers who wore pendant earrings and large brooches to match are just now the very thing, especially with precious stones set in pyramid settings.

A clever jeweller can put a small slide on the back, without destroying its future usefulness. The brooch can be made to serve as a clasp, the earrings at either side, with a handsome belt of ribbon.

THE unframed prints which many people are fond of sticking upon their walls are much improved by a mat of charcoal paper in some soft tint. Blue, gray, mastic, fawn, a soft sage and a dull old rose are all good for the purpose, and a terra cotta cartridge paper may be used in the same way. The mat should be cut from pasteboard, the paper folded over both the outside and inside edges of the mat.

People should never go in the early morning to get boots and shoes fitted. In the latter part of the day the feet are at their maximum size. Activity and standing tend to enlarge the feet. If people would remember this rule, there would not be so many complaints of shoes being tight when worn, which, when fitted, seemed so comfortable.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply.

THAT is the hymn which will ring around the world Easter Day, as played upon the bells by Miss Edith Thomass, of New York. She is the only woman chime-ringer in the world, and two weeks ago one of Mr. Edison's phonographs was taken up to the bell tower, where the peal from the silvery throats of the great chiming bells were rung into them.

Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Again and again the music was sounded out, until there were many "rollers" filled with the music—enough to send to the four corners of the earth. St. Petersburg, Moscow, Cairo, Peking, London, Edinburgh, Berlin and Paris will receive them, as well as the cities nearer home. And so Easter Day the Easter chimes will be rung all over the world by a girl.

Although, as far as she knows, she is the only woman chimer in the world, Miss Thomass is very modest about her position and her attainments.

Miss Thomass is a slender, chestnut-haired girl, and when you see her stepping into the broad portal of the famous old Grace Church, where she is bellringer, you do not think at first that she will be able to manage the great bells—until you have heard them ring.

"I began to ring the bells in '92," said she. "I do not know how I came to begin. I just began. I was appointed assistant organist of the church, and one of my duties was to ring the bells. My first thought, after I found that they rang all right, was that I must have an 'understudy,' so if I got sick or wanted to stay away I could send somebody to ring them for me.

"I asked my sister, who is very musically inclined, to go over with me and learn to ring the chimes. She consented and was anxious to assist. But when I came to teach her I found that she could not learn. I tried others, some of them much better musicians than I am, but found that one and all failed. They would ring well for part of a tune, then make mistakes, forget where they were, and mix the bells up in a way that startled passers-by and shamed the bells themselves for the rest of the day. So I kept right on doing it myself, and now I love it so well that I would not allow any one else to ring them for me.

"When they wanted me to ring the chimes into the phonograph I was delighted to do so. I love the bells so well that it gives me joy to send them sounding over the world. It inspires me daily to know that my notes are ringing into homes from the high steeple and that passers-by are hearing

the tidings. The bells say such peculiar things to different persons. You remember to Dickens's Toby Veck they said 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck. Job coming soon, Toby!'

"Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby!"

"The trouble with ringing the bells," continued Miss Thomass, all the while fingering the keys and sending out gentle sounds from the silver throats hundreds of feet above us, "is that you have to 'play it blind.' You don't know what I mean? Why, just this:

"When I strike a note it is a long time before I hear a bell ring. The electric wire does its work instantly, but it takes a few seconds for the big hammer to do its work and several more before the sound can travel down to me here in the ground floor of the church. Meanwhile I must keep on striking the bells to produce the tune. If I waited to hear each bell before playing the next, I should make a doleful chiming indeed. I am always three notes ahead of the sounds I hear. Take the line, 'Hark, hark, my soul.'

"Before I hear the note for the last 'hark' I am playing that for 'soul' and going on to the next word. That is what makes the chiming hard. You have to play from your notes, and it is only the most experienced player who can talk or look up while playing. Of course I can, because I have played the chimes so long.

"Another trouble with the bell playing—for a woman, at least—is that it is very hard. Most chimes are played by pulling immense levers in and out, and the work is heavy. Others have difficulty chime attachments, hard to manage. But my chimes, as you see, are played upon a little piano of ten keys, and it would be a delicate person indeed who could not press these notes lightly with the fingers; and that is what rings the bells. The work is a lovely one for a woman, if she has the keyboard—and can learn to ring the chimes.

"My favorite tunes, those I love to play, are 'Rock of Ages,' 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' 'Bonnie Doon' and 'Fair Harvard.'

"Most of these I selected for the phonograph, and when you go to a phonographic entertainment and hear the chimes ringing out of the big horn you will know that a New York girl played them and selected those tunes because she loved them.



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